

# The Mirror

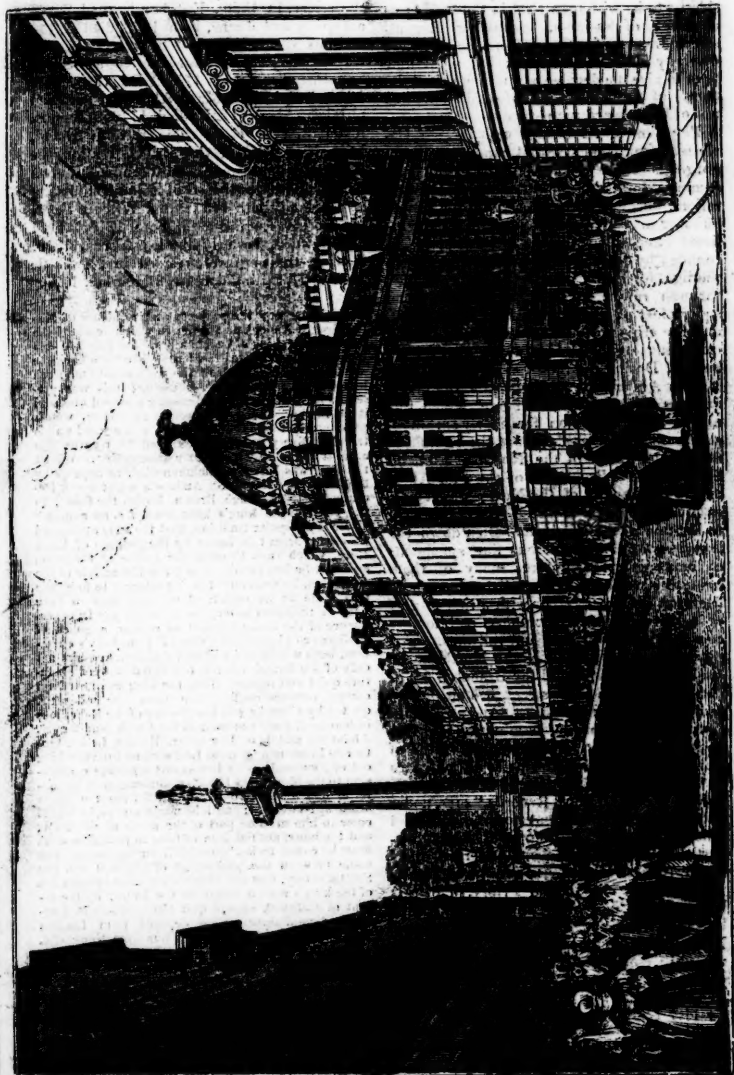
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

## GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE,

OWES its present magnificent appearance, principally to the splendid talents of the architect, Mr. Grainger, who, by his exertions, has produced a street, certainly not inferior, in point of architectural beauties, to any in England: indeed it is by many persons considered to be without a rival in the world; as a street of business, surpassing Regent-street, London, for the classical richness and diversity of its architecture; but what may tend to give it a decided advantage, is that the fronts of the houses are of solid stone, and not of brick faced with stucco.

The Central Exchange, with its rich Corinthian front, and splendid cupolas, with the gorgeous bronze plumes sculptured on their summits, form objects worthy of great admiration; but, however rich the outside of this building may be, it is eclipsed by its magnificent interior, presenting a semicircle surrounded by twelve pillars of the Ionic order: the light of this immense building is obtained through rather more than ten thousand square feet of glass in the sides of the roof, and the crown of the dome, which has an exceeding striking effect when viewed from below. During the recent assemblage of the British Association at Newcastle, the meeting was held in this Exchange, which furnished accommodation for nearly six thousand persons. Here also are the exhibition rooms and offices of the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts; and to the honour of the Newcastle people, as liberal patrons of those arts which tend to harmonize the mind, and soften down the asperities of man, numerous fine specimens of painting and sculpture, many of them being the works of native artists, have here been exhibited; together with a rich display of models for steam machinery, and for the construction of bridges on railways. The pile of building, known as the Northumberland District Bank; and the Branch Bank of England, also in Grey-street, has all the appearance of a grand palace. And as a beautiful and appropriate termination to this magnificent street, is the colossal statue of Earl Grey, erected at the point of entrance to Grey-street and Grainger-street.\*

Sykes, in his "Local Records," says, under date 1580, that an ancient house, now called Anderson-place, in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle, was built by Robert Anderson, merchant, (out of the offices, and nearly upon the site of the Franciscan Priory.) In this house King Charles I.† was confined, after having surrendered himself to the Scots, at Newark; and on its site part of Grey-street was built.

\* An engraving of this statue is given in the 32nd vol. of the *Mirror*, page 305.

† 1646 (May 13). "The king was no where treated with more honour than at Newcastle, as himself confessed. His majesty is said to have lodged

Newcastle has been distinguished as the birth-place of many eminent characters: among whom, are the celebrated Dr. John Scot, usually called "Duns Scotus," who received his education in the Franciscan priory just spoken of; Dr. Nicholas Durham, the zealous opponent of Wickliff: he resided in the priory, in 1360; Elstob, a learned Saxon antiquary and divine, born 1673, died 1714; and his sister, Eliz. Elstob, born 1663, who was also eminent for great knowledge of Saxon literature; she died 1756. Dr. Grey, born 1694, died 1771. Mark Akenside, poet and physician, born 1721, died 1770. Bourne, historian, died 1733. The Rev. J. Brand, born 1743, died 1806. Dr. C. Hutton, the celebrated mathematician, born 1737, died 1823. John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Chancellor of England, born 1751; and William Scott, his brother, Lord Stowell, born 1745. Lord Collingwood, born 1748, died March, 1810. Bewick, the engraver, resided in Newcastle from 1767, till his decease, December, 1795.

at the house now the property and residence of Major George Anderson, a room in which retained the name of the king's bedchamber. In this stood a bed of very antiquated fashion, said to have been the identical one upon which the unfortunate monarch had passed several anxious nights; this was preserved until an incurious domestic removed and sold it as lumber, whilst the present proprietor, who is passionately fond of the antique, was abroad on his travels. Every exertion was used to recover this ancient and stately bed, but without effect. Whilst the king was here his coachman died, as appears by the following entry in St. Andrew's register:—"December 6, 1646—Hugh Brown, buried the 6 day, in the church, the king's coachman, *i.e.* coachman." There is a popular tradition, that the king attempted his escape from this house by the passage of Loch Burn, which runs through the centre of the town, and that he had got down as far as the middle of the side, when he was caught in his attempt to force the iron grate at its outlet. A ship was said to have been in readiness to receive his majesty. In consequence of the above attempt at escape, a guard of soldiers was placed at the door of his majesty's chambers, both within and without, that deprived him not only of his formal liberty, but also destroyed his future quiet and repose. That the king meditated an escape, receives confirmation from the following, quoted by Chambers in his *History of the Rebellions in Scotland*, from a memoir of the Sutherland family. About the middle of December, Robert Leslie, brother to Lieutenant general Leslie, came from the king out of Newcastle, with letters and a private commission to the Marquis of Huntley, showing that his majesty had a mind to free himself from the Scots army at Newcastle; and if he might escape, he would come to him in some part of the north of Scotland; and therefore, desired him to have in readiness what force he could make." In 1647, an agreement was made between the parliament of England and the Scottish army, that the former should have possession of the king's person, and that the latter, on the receipt of £200,000, should quit the kingdom of England; commissioners were deputed from London to receive the king, and convey him from Newcastle. On the 28th of January, the Scottish army having received the price of the king in six-and-thirty covered waggon, delivered his person to the English commissioners, and immediately returned to their own country, where they were disbanded. The commissioners, with his majesty, set out from Newcastle on the 3rd of February. *See* *Local Records*, pages 99—101. *Edition 1863.*

## SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Let's merrily sing the New Year in,  
And have no thought of sadness;  
'Tis right we should a year begin  
In joyousness and gladness.  
Oh, let us not refuse to smile,  
But with a gladsome feeling,  
Let's welcome in the New Year, while  
The Old Year's knell is swelling!  
So merrily sing the New Year in,  
And have no thought of sadness;  
'Tis right we should a year begin  
In joyousness and gladness.

What though we may have tasted grief  
In the year that's just departed;  
That is no cause in my belief  
To make us now sad-hearted.  
We cannot o'er life's changeful way  
Pass without knowing sorrow,  
And though we may be sad one day,  
We rarely are the morrow.

So merrily sing the New Year in,  
And have no thought of sadness;  
'Tis right we should a year begin  
In joyousness and gladness.

Yes, thanks to the all-gracious Pow'r  
Who our life's length doth measure,  
Care doth not always on us lour,  
We sometimes clasp sweet pleasure.  
And so the year whose birth this night  
So cheerily we're singing,  
To most of men joy and delight  
As well as care is bringing.

So merrily sing the New Year in,  
And have no thought of sadness;  
'Tis right we should a year begin  
In joyousness and gladness.

## LIFE IN DEATH.

INDEED you do me wrong,—I merit not  
Those hard censorious eyes and dull regards.  
Because I have not wept, or sighed, or raved,  
Or sat in a mute madness, though I knew  
That she, whom we so loved, is gone away.  
I have lost nothing, why then should I weep?  
She is to me the same she ever was,  
A never-ceasing presence, a life-light,  
In the dark watches of the pleasant night,  
Or some far darker passages of day.  
If I would weep, or mourn her fancied loss,  
The azure fire, that swells from her calm eyes,  
Laps up my tears, and tells me she is here:  
If I am sick at heart, she sits beside me,  
And lays the velvet back of her white hand  
Upon my cheek, to ask if all be well,  
Or parts the hair upon my heated brows.  
Since that one instant, in itself a life,  
When, as commissioned messengers, my eyes  
Went to her, and brought back into my soul  
A gift, the greatest of all possible gifts,  
Which God-empowered man can give to man,  
A notion of the absolute beautiful:  
Since then, all nature has been one to me,  
One form impregnated with her sole spirit;  
I feel the ambient sweetness of her breath  
In flowering roses and the woods of spring;  
Her voice is gushing from the nightingale;  
There's not a cloud that walks the unsullied air,  
But takes from her its majesty of gait,  
For space was made to show how she could move.  
I do not say, that when I saw her lie  
Hushed to cold sleep by nature's lullabies,  
(The same that plaintive nurse eternally  
Sings as she rocks to rest her dearly loved,)  
I did not for one moment stare aghast,  
And know the blood stood still about my heart;  
But soon the wailers left me there alone,  
And in the quiet of the gloom I saw

The blessed image, moving, ministering,  
By me, about me,—just as heretofore.

Oh ye who talk of death, and mourn for death,  
Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,  
And then shriek loud to see what ye have made?  
There is no death to those who know of life—  
No time to those who see eternity.

[From Mr. Monckton Milnes' Poems\*—a string of  
pure and sparkling gems of English poetry.]

"The warrior lies down in the grave, and the peaceful  
man seeks his repose in the bosom of the earth."

Wav stiffer those features! why cold is that brow!  
Bright soul of the hero! where, where art thou now?  
Thou art past, like the wild wave that lashes the  
shore,

One moment tremendous, one moment no more.

In silence departed, thou meek son of peace,  
Thy labours are o'er, and thy troubles shall cease;  
To worth and to virtue the tribute is paid,  
And sorrow no more shall thy slumbers invade.

Blest, blest are ye both, for the struggle is past,  
Ye have reach'd the bright haven of safety at last;  
And the place of your future rest ever will be  
The abode of the Seraph, the spotless and free.

C. S.

## GEORGE II. AND HIS SON FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE quarrel between the sovereign and his son, is supposed to have originated in the countenance which the latter gave to the party in opposition to the measures of government; it was carried on by the king with a rancour (descending to personality) unknown to the modern disputes of royalty. The prince had a separate establishment at Norfolk-House, which was the chief resort of the disaffected to the party in power: no persons visiting the prince were allowed to come to the court of the sovereign. It is stated as a fact that, when the prince died, a messenger was sent to inform the king of the circumstance, who was at the time playing at cards with a large party at the palace; with true German *sang froid* he continued the game to the end, and then communicated the intelligence to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who was playing at another table, by calmly telling her that "*Fritz was dead*," but made no motion to interrupt the amusements; the duchess, with more feeling and delicacy, immediately broke up the assembly. The following letter was given to me as one in the handwriting of the king, but I have reason to doubt the truth of the allegation; nevertheless, it bears the marks of being a rough draft of it, being altered and interlined, and from its apparent age, there is no doubt of its being written at the time of its date, 1737; there are some grammatical errors in it, which may possibly arise from its being the production of a foreigner, the king was known to be but indifferently skilled in the English language.

\* Moxon, London.

I have transcribed it *verbatim et literatim*, if you think it worthy a place in your entertaining miscellany.

WM. TOONE.

"The professions you have lately made in your letters of your particular regard to me, are so contradictory to all your actions, that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them. You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with child, till within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess; you removed the Princess twice in the week, and immediately preceding the day of her delivery, from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you voluntarily declared, of her labour; and both times, upon your return, you industriously concealed from me and the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair; and you at last, without giving any notice to me or the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court in a condition not to be named; after having thus, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and the child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise, and your tenderness for the Princess, as the only motive that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and the Queen, your mother. This extravagant and undutiful behaviour, in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my crown, is such an evidence of your premeditated defiance of me, and such a contempt of my authority, and of the natural right belonging to your parents, as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious words only; but the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void to all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be offended with you, and until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and the Queen, and until you return to your duty, you shall not reside in my palace, which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them who, under the appearance of attachment to you, foment the division you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole; in this situation I will receive no reply; but when your actions manifest a just sense of your duty and submission, that may induce me to pardon what I at present most justly resent. In the mean time, it is my pleasure that you leave St. James's, with all your family, when it can be done without prejudice or ill-convenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my granddaughter, until a proper time calls on me to consider on her education.

G. R.

Hampton Court, Sept. 10th, 1737.

N.B. The Princess was delivered of a female, named Augusta, at St. James's, on the 31st July, and the Prince and his family, in consequence of this letter, removed on the 14th September to Kew. The Prince died 20th March, 1751.

## Manners and Customs.

### SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No. II.

#### A Fête.

WE had been some few weeks at Paris, and gone the round of all the usual sights, when our attention was arrested one morning, on our way to breakfast in the Rue de la Harpe, (where we regaled ourselves every morning with a basin of *café au lait*, a *petit pain*, and a boiled egg, for ten sous,) by a large placard upon the wall where the play-bills were generally pasted up, headed *Fête de l'Etoile*, and followed by the announcement that on the Sunday, Monday, and Thursday following, a fête would be held on the grass-plot beyond the Triumphal Arch, at the end of the Champs Elysees, when various games would take place, and there would be a ball in the evening. Now, as our idea of a fête had always been confined to a race between two balloons, a hundred thousand additional lamps, the Ravel family, and other attractions to be "more fully announced in the bills of the day," we were anxious to see what sort of amusement this would turn out to be; so taking our station in an omnibus, about six o'clock in the evening of one of the appointed days, we were put down at the Barrière de l'Etoile, and marched up the slopes to a scene of gaiety which fully answered our fondest anticipations of what Paris was.

It will not do to say it resembled an English fair, because there were neither farmers, pigs, nor charity-boys, among the gay and really happy-looking throng; neither were there the tin boxes on the top of sticks to be thrown at; but there were shows, stalls, and games going on in all directions, so novel and so different to aught we had seen before, that our attention was arrested at every step. The first thing that struck us on entering, the ground was a stand about five feet high, on which were arranged divers little images of plaster of Paris, and at the top was a revolving piece of machinery, embellished with birds of the same material. We were allowed to fire pellets of clay from a cross-bow, at the aforesaid images, at the rate of four shots for a sou, and from a distance of about twelve or fourteen feet; and having had the satisfaction of knocking off the head of a giraffe, and seriously damaging a parrot, we passed on to the next game, which had another piece of mechanism displayed for the same end. Here was a figure of a soldier on horseback, as large as life, and on hitting a small target

on his breast with the pellet, a grim Bedouin rose from behind, and appeared to be threatening him. Others were fashioned like castles and forts; but the most amusing, and that which attracted most customers, was a representation of the city of Constantine, where, on hitting the great gates, a number of Arabs rushed out, hotly pursued by French soldiers. We next came to a miniature canal, along which a small steam-boat was plying by clock-work; on arriving at the end, its prow struck a lever, which released a ball placed on the top of a castle, and this ball, after performing various evolutions in and out the windows and doors, finally descended into a large round tray, having holes of various colours on its surface, in one of which it rested. You had the privilege of setting the steam-boat off yourself, by payment of a sou, (for the games are all the same price,) and during its voyage you named your colour. If, by luck, the ball took the right one, you became the fortunate possessor of six cakes: if not, of course you lost. This game was varied at the different stalls, but all had the same end, viz., the six cakes, which were very deceptive in their appearance, having certainly more air in their composition than flour and sugar. Gambling in any way for money is strictly forbidden by the police; you may, however, pay for your chances at these games, and lose it equally fast. But the drollest game of all, and one which drew a hearty laugh from us, was a sort of tilting match, taking place under the trees at the side of the ground. A large mask, with most ludicrous features, and nearly three feet long, was tied before you, to prevent your seeing; and furnished with a lance, you had to walk forward from a given point, and hit a large target placed at the extremity of the lists. It appeared excessively easy, but there were few who succeeded; and their endeavours, added to their odd appearance, were exceedingly ridiculous. Some shot off at once to the right, amongst the trees; others to the left; but the majority, after getting on very well for a little way, became confused, wavered, and generally returned nearly to where they set off from. The only person who seemed to understand it was the man himself, who kept the lists, and when the mask was placed on him, (which it often was, to incite others,) he contrived to walk straight up to the target. If you succeeded in hitting it, the prize was a small whip, a knife, three metal spoons, or a picture representing some imaginary incident in the life of Napoleon, that never happened, framed and glazed. But the shows were the chief attraction, and certainly an odd assemblage of strong men, fencing-ladies in Roman dresses, large snakes, and savage Indians, had collected together. We paid to go into one which promised amusement from the pictures outside, and we were certainly not

disappointed. First we saw some very excellent conjuring, that beat our conjectures altogether: next was the performance of a French Hercules, who suffered himself to be tied up by his heels, and then held heavy weights in his teeth, until his face became quite purple; and the exhibition concluded by the manoeuvres of some learned birds. These poor objects were all asleep in a cage when we entered, but on being awakened, they presented a most ragged assemblage of featherless little bullfinches, in cocked hats and small red coats, with swords and guns tied round them. They drew carts, marched, fired cannon, and sat down to dinner; and when they had finished, walked very orderly into their cage one after another. This was enough, we thought, for two sous. There were also "ups and downs" and "roundabouts" on the same model as in England; but the only difference was, that grown-up people were revolving in the chairs, and on the hobby-horses, instead of children, but evidently with the most intense spirit of enjoyment.

And now we turned towards the ball, which was gradually being illuminated by handsome lamps suspended all round. Five sous was charged for entrance, and on gaining the *salon* we were indeed astonished. So tastefully fitted up, such order, and so different to the vulgar jostling of the "Crown and Anchor," at Greenwich fair. Figure to yourself, reader, an enormous tent, say one hundred feet long, supported by gilt pillars, and surrounded by trophies and tri-coloured flags, with pretty festoons of red, blue, and white calico all round. The floor was neatly boarded, and in the centre an excellent orchestra of a dozen musicians, was performing all the favourite and most popular waltzes and quadrilles of Paris. An extra demand of five sous was made for each time you danced, and you were at liberty to ask any fair one your choice might fall upon. The utmost order prevailed; indeed, if any one transgressed the rules of politeness, he was immediately shouldered off by the municipal guards in attendance. It is true, this was all very proper for the sake of order, but we must confess we did not like the appearance of so many grim soldiers in a ball-room. There are no public amusements of any kind in France without them, and their fierce mustachios and tiger-skin helmets, contrast oddly with the gaiety around.

The refreshment department of the ball was well arranged. There was not the immense bar which we see at the Greenwich fair and Egham Race-course dancing assemblies, covered with cold boiled beef, ham, fowls, bottled porter, pipes, and crockery; but then there was a small tent aside from the grand one for lemonade, *sirap de groseilles*, wine, coffee, and Rheims biscuits, which had an

air of refinement never met with in England at meetings of this kind. Dancing was the sole object of the evening, and dance they did, and so did we too, (as soon as we had got over our thorough English idea that every body was looking at us,) and we can safely say, we enjoyed ourselves much more that evening than we had done at many parties in London. And then the practice in French conversation which it affords. You can speak so easily, so fluently to a pretty grisette, in the middle of a dance, and under the influence of a bottle of *Fin Ordinaire* at fifteen sous—it beats all the masters, believe us, on our honour, for we speak from experience. After every four quadrilles we had a waltz, extremely well executed by most of the parties concerned; indeed every species of dancing seems natural to them; and they have the politeness not to laugh at a stranger whose style is different, or what appears to them awkward, which indeed is often the case.

We amused ourselves here for about two hours; and then, finding all the omnibuses quite full, determined to walk home down the Champs Elysees, and we were well repaid. It was a lovely summer evening, and the distant lamps of the *marchands* among the trees gave a pretty effect to this favourite rendezvous of the Parisians. The asphalt promenade of the Place de la Concorde were quietly gleaming in the moonlight, and the last band of noisy students was returning from the *Chauvière*, as we reached home, much delighted with our fête.

KNIPS.

### WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS; WITH REFERENCES.

(For the Mirror.)

ENNIUS, the poet, used to say that it was easier for men of wit to keep burning coals within their teeth, than good sayings. *Cic. de Orat.* ii. 54. [In the original *bona dicta*, which was applied among the Romans, as good things, among us, to *facetia* or *witticisms*.]

A man once said to Aristippus, "In what respect will my son be the better for being instructed?" "At least," replied Aristippus, "he will gain this advantage, that he will not sit in the theatre as a stone upon a stone."—*Diog. Laert.* ii. 72. [It appears that the seats in the Greek theatre were of stone.]

Philippus, a greedy and unprincipled fellow at Rome, being attacked by Catulus the orator, asked him *why he barked?* "Because," replied Catulus, "I see a thief."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 54.

As Diogenes was one day washing herbs for his dinner, Aristippus passed by, "Ah," cried Diogenes, "if you knew how to wash

herbs, you would not be a dependant on kings." "And if you," replied Aristippus, "knew how to be a dependant on kings, you would not wash herbs."—*Diog. Laert.* ii. 68, compared with *Hor. Ep.* i. 17.

Aristippus, being asked what he had gained by the study of philosophy, replied, "To be able to converse readily with all men."—*Diog. Laert.* ii. 68.

Antisthenes, being asked the same question, replied, "To be able to converse with myself."—*Diog. Laert.* vi. 6.

Brutus, an orator, who had squandered his patrimony, and sold, among other things, some valuable baths left him by his father, was one day pleading against a man defended by Crassus. Brutus, in the course of his speech, said that he was *sweating without reason*; meaning that he was labouring to prove what was already plain. "No wonder that you sweat," retorted Crassus, "for you have but just quitted your bath."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 55.

Largius had a mistress at Terracina, with whom Memmius took liberties. Memmius was of a character so morose, and at the same time so violent and passionate, as to give occasion to Crassus to spread a report that he had torn her in pieces. This report he spread in the following manner:—Coming from Terracina to Rome, he was asked "what news?" "None," said he, smiling, "but that I observed the walls of the city chalked with the letters M. M. L. L. L." "And what do they mean?" inquired his hearers. "Why I asked a man of the city," said he, "and he told me that they meant *Morose Memmius Lacerated Largius's Limbs*."—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 59. [The words in the original form an Iambic verse:

*Lacerat Laceratum Largii Mordax Memmius.*]

### THE PHILANTHROPIST.

(From the Russian.)

NICHOLAS STEFANOWITSCH ISCHORSKI, is a wealthy nobleman, living in the environs of Moscow, who, desirous of distinguishing himself, and handing down his name to posterity, lately erected an hospital for the benefit of the poor of the land. The governor of the province, not long ago, intimated to him his intention to spend the day at his mansion, and Ischorski, as may be supposed, delighted with this signal mark of deference, hastened to get everything in readiness to receive his guest.

"What a time I am kept waiting for this doctor!" said Tschorski, "Troschka, do you go and tell him I have been expecting him these two hours. . . . Oh! here he comes—My dear Jergei Iwanowitsch, what in the world has detained you so long?"

"My Lord, I crave your forgiveness," an-



swered the doctor, bowing to Rosslawlew and Surski, "I have been visiting the hospital."

"That is what I wanted to see you about. Well, is all in right order?"

"I believe so."

"That's well; that's well. My establishment, you know, has been much talked of, and we must not commit ourselves before his Excellency. Is the surgery clean and tidy?"

"Every thing is, as it always is, my lord."

"As it always is! There you go . . . now, did not I tell you clearly enough? my dear fellow, did not I explain myself? To-day the governor will be here, and we must—do you hear me, my good fellow?—we must show the thing in its best light."

"I have had the honour of telling your lordship that every thing is in proper order."

"But, how is it in the hospital?"

"The floors and passages are washed—the linen is as white as snow . . ."

"But, has care been taken to place over each bed, a ticket, indicating the kind of complaint?"

"Although that, my lord, is not very necessary, as the hospital contains but ten beds; yet, to please you, I have suspended three tickets."

"And are the inscriptions in Latin?"

"Both in Latin and Russian."

"Very well; and now how many patients have we?"

"At present, thank God, we have not one."

"Not one! not a single patient!" cried Ischorski, in the greatest consternation.

"No, my lord; the last one was dismissed the day before yesterday; it was Hias, the coachman."

"And what did you dismiss him for, eh?"

"Because he was cured of his disorder."

"And who told you he was cured? How did you know that? Bless me! not a single patient! Erect hospitals after that! come, that is very encouraging!"

"Well," said Surski, "what harm is there in that?"

"Harm! now, only just listen to him! You hear him. . . . Not a single patient! Am I to show the bare walls to his Excellency? Well done, good doctor Jerzei Iwanowitsch, capital! upon my word, you have given me great satisfaction! Not one patient!"

"My lord, my lord, how can I help it?"

"How can you help it? Now just allow me to put you this question, 'What do you receive your salary for?' A thousand rubles per annum, board and lodging, and an equipage, and . . . not one patient, not a single one! Is that your behaviour? After all, I must say my sister was right when she advised me not to have a Russian doctor—doctor, indeed! not a single patient; dear, dear,

oh dear! Upon my word you are a fine fellow; well done, Mr. Russian doctor! But, cost what it may, I'll have a German doctor, —yes, sir, a German! We shall not want for patients then. Good gracious! not *one* patient! Gentlemen, you may laugh; it is nothing to you, you haven't an hospital, you haven't; and not a patient in it, dear, dear!"

"Well, Rosslawlew," said Surski, "I don't know what you will think of it; but don't you think we might as well sham sickness?"

"Brother, I beg you will desist from jesting upon this important subject."

"I mean it seriously though; I do indeed. The governor will certainly not think of feeling the pulse of the patients; the great point is, that the beds be not empty."

"The idea is not bad . . . stop, yes . . . Trotschka, send Parfen to me directly."

Parfen made his appearance in less than two minutes. "I say, Parfen," continued the unfortunate Ischorski, "it is then true that we have not *one* single patient in the hospital?"

"Thanks to heaven, my lord, there's not one."

"Thanks to heaven, you blockhead! Parfen, you are a donkey, an ass?"

"Very good, my lord."

"Am I to go and show all the beds empty? Patients I must have and will have,—do you hear?"

"But, my lord, where am I to find them?"

"That's not my business—but I must have some,—so be quick."

"Very good, my lord."

"I say, though, Parfen, you do look really very much altered. Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well, my lord."

"You had better not neglect yourself, Parfen. Indeed, Parfen, you are not well."

"My lord, *I am* well—have mercy on me!"

"Very well, then; now don't lose any time—go, and be quick."

"But, my lord, suppose I find none willing?"

"You are not going to ask them, you stupid blockhead. Go, run all over the village, bring the first you meet with, whether he will or no. I suppose I am not master on my own grounds."

"No doubt of that, my lord; but would it not be better to bribe some one?"

"Oh! that is not a bad idea. But at all events, don't you go and take any but those of a sickly appearance. For the action of the dropsical we shall want a good, fat, stout fellow."

"Allow me, my lord; I could not propose a more fitting individual than the sexton: he is of a very respectable size."

"That's right, Parfen. Try to persuade him."

"For a rouble and a half, my lord, he will

sham sick, and even dead, if you please, for more than four and twenty hours."

"Give him a silver rouble then . . . but, I say, don't you know any one thin, spare, and gaunt, for a consumptive patient?"

"Somebody thin? let me see. Oh! the cobbler, Andros, has nothing but skin and bones; he will be just the thing. You would not find such another man in the whole country."

"Very well, Parfen; come, you are a capital fellow; I am much obliged to you; only, get everything ready as soon as possible. Come, we have got two patients already; as for the others, you may choose them yourself. By-the-bye, don't forget to tell them to be as silent as possible whilst the governor is in the room."

"Very good, my lord."

"They must not move; and mind they have their nightcaps on;—tell them to groan pretty audibly."

"Very good, my lord."

"Now things and God speed you. . . . You are laughing, Surski, I know it is ridiculous. But what would you have me do; I can't show empty rooms,—and I am extremely desirous of doing something to distinguish myself. To have erected an hospital,—that is something. When his Excellency will have seen it, who knows but he may not talk of it in higher circles; and what if the Emp. . . . don't you see? now only fancy if I showed my rooms empty!"

(The company having arrived, after dinner the following scene took place.)

"Rosslawlew, only just look at Nicholas Stepanowich, what a flurry he is in! What can be the matter with him? Ischorski, pray what is the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?" answered Ischorski, in a voice of despair, "nothing; nothing at all . . . unless it be indeed, that I am dishonoured, vilified for ever."

"What do you mean?"

"Well you may ask it! Saints in Paradise, suffer me to breathe! the fools! the scoundrels! the dogs! the . . ."

"You frighten me. What has happened?"

"A trifle, I told you, a mere trifle! all my pains, my expenses, my trouble, gone to the devil! The fool of a doctor, doctor indeed! he shall leave me this very day!"

"Ah, ah! it is all about your hospital, I see."

"My hospital! what hospital? I have not got any hospital . . . To-morrow I will have it pulled down, the cursed thing!"

"But, brother, do tell us the cause of all this anger."

"The cause? they have mortally grieved me, that's all. Only fancy then, I show my guests over the establishment: the hospital came in its turn, and we first visited the surgery; the company, of course, admired the order and cleanliness of the place. I was

overwhelmed with compliments, 'I was,' they said, 'the benefactor of my country, an enlightened proprietor, and that the establishment did me the greatest honour, as well as to the empire, and so on. By-the-bye, we went into room No. 1, dropsical patients, 'I introduce the gentlemen; good gracious, there lay consumptive Andros. I hastened them out, and then came room No. 2. The governor himself reads the inscription, 'Consumptive patients.' We entered, every body followed me; really, if I did not think I should have fallen, so struck was I with amazement; there lay that big, fat brute, Burkheim, the sexton. 'How long have you been consumptive,' asked his Excellency, 'My lord, for more than two years,' answered the donkey. 'Poor fellow, you look very suffering, very.' Every body burst out a laughing; I could no longer stand it, and here I am: what in the world am I to do? can you tell me?"

"Well, but what harm is there done?"

"What harm is there done? Suppose this should discover us?"

"Who will go and fancy that you hired patients at so much a day: say that the tickets were misplaced—that is all."

"Do you think then, that I could say . . ."

"Certainly, and laugh louder than all the rest put together." H. M.

#### PREPARATION OF NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

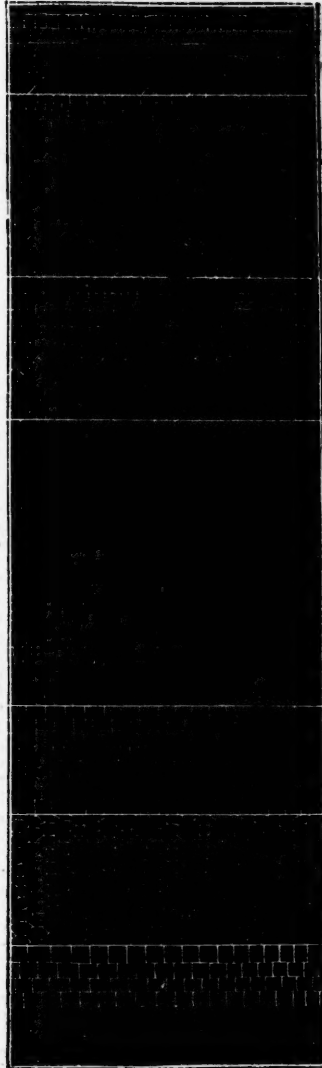
FLAX is prepared in New Zealand by the females and slaves. The separating of the silky fibre from the flag-like leaf is thus performed: the apex is held between the toes; a transverse section is then made through the succulent matter at that end with a common muscle-shell, which is inserted between that substance and the fibre, which readily effects its separation by drawing the shell through the whole of the leaf. It has been attempted in Sydney to withdraw the filaments from the leaves by maceration; but the large proportion of succulent matter rendered it impossible to effect the separation by decomposition in water, without materially *injuring the strength* of the fibre. Leaves of this plant are generally scraped as early as cut, as the thick gum is inclosed at the lower part of the leaf, rising from either side in a pyramidal form, and adheres strongly when drying.—*Poole's New Zealand.*

POTATO CHEESE.—In Germany great quantities of this article are made, which will retain its freshness for several years, if kept in close vessels. It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them, when cold, to a pulp, rejecting skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd, with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to five pounds of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade.



**Arts and Sciences.****EXPERIMENTAL PAVEMENT OF OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.**

THIS, doubtless the most extraordinary and novel undertaking which has ever been attempted in the annals of road-making, has lately been completed in Oxford-street. On Friday, January the 5th, the line of this great thoroughfare occupied by the various specimens of paving, extending from Charles-street to Tottenham-court-road, presented a most animated spectacle. Shortly after two o'clock, the Paving Committee, appointed by the Mary-le-bone Vestry, to superintend the arrangement of this work of art, headed by the parish beadle, passed over the ground, followed by twenty-one omnibuses, after which the road was thrown open to the public. The whole space between Charles-street and Tottenham-court-road is occupied by twelve different specimens, which are completed in the following order, commencing at Charles-street, viz., 40 feet of Robinson's Parisian bitumen, 24 feet laid in straight courses, and 16 feet diagonally; 74 feet of parish stone paving, 54 feet of which is laid in straight courses, the stones nine inches deep, and the interstices filled up with Claridge's Asphalte, the remaining 20 feet consisting of stones only 4½ inches deep, but laid diagonally, and filled up with the same composition; 60 feet of the Bastenne Gaudin bitumen, part laid in straight courses, and part diagonally; 135 feet of parish stone paving, divided into three sections in the following order,—1st, 70 feet of dressed Aberdeen granite, with concrete bottom, and the joints grouted with lime and sand; 2nd, 40 feet of the same laid diagonally; and 3rd, 25 feet of dressed Aberdeen granite, without concrete bottom, the joints filled in with fine gravel; this is followed by 50 feet of the Scotch asphaltum, which is entirely the produce of this country, laid down in straight courses; 60 feet of Mr. Stead's pavement of wooden blocks of a hexagonal form, 12 inches deep, divided into three compartments—one prepared with Kyan's patent, part dipped in, and joints run with asphaltum, and part without any preparation whatever; the last specimen, at Tottenham-court-road, is 60 feet of the Val de Travers bitumen, a portion of which consists of square blocks laid in straight courses, and the remainder consisting of a layer of clean Guernsey chippings, cemented together by boiling asphaltum, run among them nearly to the surface, a face made with asphaltum, merely showing the chippings here and there in patches. The whole work presented a most even and beautiful road. The portion, however, to which attention was more particularly directed, was that of the wooden blocks, the noiseless tendency of which made the vehicles passing along appear to be rolling over a thick carpet, or rug.

**REPRESENTATION OF THE VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF THE PAVING.***Charles Street.**Tottenham-Court-Road.*

## New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS, COMEDIAN.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.\*

(Continued from page 12.)

MATHEWS'S engagement with Tate Wilkinson, the eccentric manager of the York theatre, was an important event in his career. There are many notices of this oddity, scattered through these volumes, and they are all more or less amusing. The introductory visit is as good as any. Tate's habitual confounding of names is in pleasant contrast with his accurate remembrance of whatever bore upon the object of the interview; and the wits of the young aspirant seem to have got gradually sharpened by the rubs of his uncouth cross-questioner. "Tate was shuffling about the room with a small ivory-handled brush in one hand, and a silver buckle in the other, in pretended industry, whistling during his employment, after the fashion of a groom while currying and rubbing down a horse. His coat-collar was thrown down upon his shoulders, and his Brown George (a wig, so called, in compliment, I believe, to King George the Third, who set the fashion,) on one side, exposing the ear on the other, and cocked up behind so as to leave the bare nape of the neck open to observation. His hat was put on, *side* foremost, and as forward and awry as his wig; both were perched on his head very insecurely, as it seemed to the observer. He presented altogether what might be called an *uncomfortable* appearance.—"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Mathews.—"Oh! good morning, *Mr. Meadows*," replied Tate very doggedly.—"My name is *Mathews*, sir."—"Ay, I know," winking his eyes and lifting his brows rapidly up and down, a habit with him when not pleased; then, wheeling suddenly round, and looking at him, for the first time, with scrutinizing earnestness, from head to foot, he uttered a long-drawn "ugh!" and exclaimed, "What a maypole; sir, you're too *tall* for low comedy."—"I'm sorry, sir," said the poor disconcerted youth; but Tate did not seem to hear him, for, dropping his eyes and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as if in soliloquy: "But, I don't know why a tall man shouldn't be a very comical fellow." Then, again turning sharply for a reinvestigation of the slender figure before him, he added, with gathering discontent, "you're too *thin*, sir, for anything but the apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet'; and you would want stuffing for *that*."—"I am very sorry, sir," rejoined the mortified actor, who was immediately interrupted by the growing distaste and manifest ill-humour of the disappointed manager.—"What's the use of being *sorry*! you speak too *quick*."

\* Published by Bentley.

The accused anxiously assured him that he would endeavour to mend that habit. "What," said Tate, snappishly, "by speaking *quicker*, I suppose." Then, looking at Mr. Mathews, he, as if again in soliloquy, added, "I never saw anybody so *thin* to be *alive*!! Why, sir, one hiss would blow you off the stage." This remark sounding more like good humour than anything he had uttered, the comedian ventured, with a faint smile, to observe, that he *hoped he should not get that one*—when Tate, with affected or real anger, replied, "You'd get a great many, sir. Why, sir, *I've* been hissed; the great Mr. Garrick has been hissed; it's not very modest in *you* to hope to escape, Mr. Mountain."—"Mathews, sir," interposed the miscalled.—"Well, Mathew Mountain."—"No, sir,—" "Have you a quick study, Mr. Maddox?" asked Tate, interrupting once more. Mathews gave up the ineffectual attempt to preserve his proper name, and replied at once to the last question, "I *hope* so, sir."—"Why, (in a voice of thunder,) ar'n't you *sure*?"—"Ye-e-es, sir," asserted his terrified and harassed victim. Tate shuffled up and down the room, whistling and brushing rapidly, looking from time to time with evident dissatisfaction, if not disgust, at the object of his scrutiny: at last he seemed to have collected all his moral force, and after another pause, he demanded, "Pray, when did you have that paralytic stroke, Mr. Maddox?"—"I—I never had one at all, sir," said the now completely mortified youth; with difficulty restraining the tears which were making their way to his eyes; when Tate, giving him another earnest look, and, as if unconsciously drawing his own mouth awry, in imitation of the one which had suggested the last question, answered drily and significantly, in Mr. Mathews's tone of voice, as he turned away, "Oh, I thought you *had*." All this was inauspicious, and after the interview had lasted a few minutes longer, Tate strongly recommended the young man's return to his father and an "honest trade," as he said. All that could be gained by Mr. Mathews, was the manager's slow leave to let him enter upon his probation, and at least have a trial before final condemnation."

This was an unpromising commencement, nor were his early performances at this theatre, productive of much satisfaction to him; but time and perseverance at length overcame all obstructions. Our next extract is not strictly biographical, but, having shown Mathews in an embarrassing position, we may as well introduce here Mrs. Siddons, under circumstances equally novel to that queen of tragedy and decorum.

"On one memorable night, during her engagement at Leeds, a *contre tems* of a ludicrous nature occurred, for which no part of

the audience was answerable. [The Leeds audiences were answerable for several.] The evening was excessively hot, and Mrs. Siddons was tempted, by a torturing thirst, to consent to avail herself of the only obtainable relief proposed to her at the moment. Her dresser, therefore, despatched a boy in great haste to 'fetch a pint of beer for Mrs. Siddons,' at the same time charging him to be quick, as Mrs. Siddons was in a hurry for it. Meanwhile the play proceeded; and on the boy's return with the frothed pitcher, he looked about for the person who had sent him on his errand; and not seeing her, inquired, 'where is Mrs. Siddons.' The scene-shifter, whom he questioned, pointing his finger to the stage, where she was performing the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth, replied, 'There she is.' To the surprise and horror of all the performers, the boy promptly walked on the stage, close up to Mrs. Siddons, and, with a total unconsciousness of the impropriety he was committing, presented the porter! Her distress may be imagined; she waved the boy away in her grand manner several times, without effect; at last the people behind the scenes, by dint of beckoning, stamping, and calling in half-audible whispers, succeeded in getting him off with the beer, part of which, in his exit, he spilled on the stage; while the audience were in an uproar of laughter, which the dignity of the actress was unable to quell for several minutes."

Mr. Mathews's first marriage, we have seen, is supposed to have been the result more of pity than love; his second, if it did not originate, was certainly coupled with circumstances, which, though perfectly consistent with love, were dashed with an unusual mixture of the marvellous, some will say, the superstitious. The passages on this subject are too long for transcription; suffice it to state, that during the last illness of the first Mrs. Mathews, that lady took occasion to request the presence, at her bedside, of her husband and of a particular friend, a Miss Jackson, a young lady then performing at the York Theatre. After the usual civilities, the sick lady led the discourse to the probability of her approaching dissolution, and concluded some very suitable and grave reflections upon the state of isolation in which her husband would be left, by calling upon the two invited parties to pledge themselves to become man and wife when that event should take place. The proposition produced surprise, embarrassment, and distress, upon both; to consent to the proposition was, of course, out of the question; and the consequence was, very naturally, a greater degree of reserve and estrangement, than would have ensued if so strange a proposal had never been uttered. The lady, however, lived some months after; and when at last the patient sunk under her

malady, the grief of her husband was as overwhelming as his regard for her had been sincere, and her devotion to him deep and anxious. But the desired second marriage—was that thought of? Not at all. But mark the influence of Queen Mab. About eight months after—on the same night—Mr. Mathews and Miss Jackson, they being far apart, dream, or have a vision—in the course of which, the departed lady appears, and sweetly smiling, holds forth her hand to each. The effect is irresistible—of Mr. Mathews it is said—"in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord,) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room;" and Mrs. Mathews says that with respect to herself. "My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was,) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which giving away at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. The parties with whom we resided at the time, were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many before they were requested to meet and compare accounts."

In the following February Mr. Mathews made a profitable engagement with Mr. Colman, of the Haymarket Theatre, and in a letter to that gentleman, Mr. Mathews confides the secret of his intended marriage to Miss Jackson, for whom also he solicits an engagement. This marriage took place on the 28th of March, 1804—and shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Mathews made their appearance, for the first time, at a London theatre.

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#### GOETHE, AS A PATRIOT.

GOETHE might have rendered himself as strong as Hercules in freeing his country from the filth it contains, but he merely procured for himself the golden apples of the Hesperides, of which he retained possession; and, satisfied with that, he placed himself at the feet of Omphale, where he remained stationary. How completely opposite was the course pursued by the great poets and orators of Italy, France, and England! *Dante*, a warrior, statesman, and diplomatist, *beloved and hated, protected and persecuted*, by mighty princes, remained withal unaffected

by either, and sang and fought in the cause of justice. *Alfieri* was a nobleman, haughty and rich, and yet he panted up the hill of Parnassus, to proclaim from its summit universal freedom. *Montesquieu* was a servant of the state, and yet he sent forth his "Persian Letters," in which he mocked at courts, and his "Spirit of the Laws," wherein he exposed the defects of the French government. *Voltaire* was a courtier, but he only courted the great in smooth words, and never sacrificed his principles to them. He wore, it is true, a well-powdered wig, and was fond of lace ruffles, silk coats, and stockings; but when he heard the cry of the persecuted, he did not hesitate to wade through the mud to their rescue, and with his own ennobled hands snatch from the scaffold the unjustly condemned victim. *Rousseau* was a poor, sickly beggar, and needed aid, but he was not seduced by tender care; neither could friendship, even from the great, produce a change in his principles. He continued proud and free, and died in poverty. *Milton*, whilst engaged in the composition of his divine poetry, forgot not, though in poverty, the necessities of his fellow-citizens, but laboured for liberty and right. Such men were also *Shelley*, *Byron*, &c.; and such are, at the present moment, *Moore*, *Campbell*, and others. But how has *Goethe* exhibited himself to his countrymen and to the world? As the citizen of a free city, he merely recollected that he was the grandson of a mayor, who, at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, was allowed to hold the temporary office of Chamberlain. As the child of honest and respectable parents, he was delighted when once a dirty boy in the street called him a loutard, and wandered forth in imagination (the imagination of a future poet,) the son of some prince, questioning himself as to which he might perchance belong. Thus he *was*, and thus he *remained*. Not once did he ever advance a poor solitary word in his country's cause—he, who from the lofty height which he had attained, might have spoken out what none other but himself could dare to pronounce. Some few years since, he petitioned their "high and highest Mightinesses" of the German Confederation, to grant his writings their all-powerful protection against piracy; but he did not remember to include in his prayer an extension of the same privilege to his literary contemporaries. Ere I would have allowed my fingers to pen such a prayer for my individual right, and that only, I would have permitted them to be lamed and maimed by the ruler's edge, like a school-boy!

BÖHNE.

[From a collection of interesting Romantic and Historical Tales, under the title of "Gleanings from Germany;" by J. D. Haas.]

## The Public Journals.

### DESCENDING THE RAPIDS OF AMERICA.

In the various modes of water-conveyance to which the traveller on this globe is subjected, there is perhaps no one more curious than that of descending one of the great rapids of America, in a small bark canoe, under the command, as is customary, of two Indians; and the anxiety to witness this spectacle is, perhaps, not at all disagreeably spiced by that still warning voice of reason, which gravely admonishes the traveller that his undertaking, interesting as it may be, is not altogether divested of danger.

Besides the rocks, shoals, and snags, which are to be avoided, uncensured attention must be given to the innumerable logs of hewn timber, which, having been wafted by the lumberers to the commencement of the rapid, are then left to be hurried for eight or nine miles towards their market,—sometimes separately, sometimes hustling each other, sometimes floundering, and sometimes, if anything irritates or obstructs their passage, rearing up into the water until they almost reel over. As soon as a berth or clear place is observed between these masses of floating timber, the elder Indian, who is seated at the head of his canoe, his younger comrade being at the stern, and the passenger in the middle, calmly lets go his hold of the bank, and the two Indians, each furnished with a single paddle, immediately standing up, the frail bund-box which contains them indolently floats until it reaches the edge or crest of the rapid, which is no sooner passed, than the truth rushes upon the mind of the traveller, that all possibility of stopping has ceased, and that this 'hubble-bubble, toil and trouble' must continue until the eight or nine miles of the rapids shall be passed.

In the apparent turmoil of this scene, in which the canoe is preceded, as well as followed by huge masses of timber, the slightest touch of which would annihilate it—the icy-cold judgment of the old Indian—his collected, but lightning-like decision—the simplicity and tranquillity of his red, beardless face; thatched over by his bluff-cut, black, lank hair—his total absence of fear or bravado—his immutable presence of mind—and, in places of the greatest possible noise and confusion in the waters, the mild tone of voice with which he softly utters to his young comrade the monosyllable that directs him to steer the stern of the canoe in the direction opposite to that which he gives to its head—form altogether a most striking contrast with the boisterous scene, the sudden kaleidoscope changes of which it is utterly impossible to describe—for one danger has no sooner been avoided than, instead of reflecting on it for a moment, the eye is at-

tracted to a second, as suddenly passed and succeeded by a third. Sometimes the canoe rapidly dashes over a sunken rock, or between two barely-covered fragments, which to have touched would have been ruin—in avoiding them a snag is passed, which would have spilled the canoe had it impinged on it—sometimes the middle of the stream is the safest—sometimes the Indian steers close to the steep, rocky bank, where it becomes evident the velocity of the current is so great, that if the canoe were to be upset, its passengers, even if they could snatch hold of the bough of a tree, could not hang on to it, without being suffocated by the resistance which in that position they would offer to the rustling waters. Sometimes, at a moment when all is apparently prosperous, and the water on account of its greater depth or breadth, has become comparatively tranquil, some of the timber ahead, going down end-foremost, strikes either against the side, or some sunken rock in the middle of the stream, in which case the tree suddenly halts, and, veering round, impedes the rest of the timber, until the congregated mass, forcing its way, thus clears the passage, perhaps just before the canoe reaches it. At other times, in traversing the stream to avoid difficulties, the pursuing timber approaches the canoe nearer than is agreeable. In some places the river suddenly narrows, and here, it is said, the waves are not only tremendous, but the whole character of the torrent seems to be changed, for the water apparently ceases altogether to descend the channel, doing nothing but as it were boiling and bubbling up from the bottom. In approaching this caudron, the case seems hopeless, and often continues so until the canoe is close upon it, when the Indian's eagle eye searches out some little aqueous furrow, through which his nutshell vessel can pass, and, though his countenance is as tranquil as ever, yet the muscular exertion he makes to attain this passage will not, it is said, easily be forgotten by any passenger whose fortune it has ever been to observe it. As soon as the declivity of the rapids has ended, the water instantly becomes tranquil, the Indians sit down in the canoe, and on reaching the shore, one of them carries it on his shoulders during the remainder of the day.

It would, of course, be impossible for any vessel to ascend a torrent similar to that down which, by a digression not uncommon to the traveller in America, our readers have just unexpectedly been precipitated; yet on the St. Lawrence it is not unusual to see a steamer climb a rapid of very considerable violence. From the deck of a vessel in this situation it is very curious to determine, by the relative bearing of fixed objects on shore, the slow but sure conquest which the power of steam makes over the two elements of wind and water, both of which are occasionally seen combining

to oppose its progress. In places where the current is the strongest, the ascent for a time is almost imperceptible; every moment it is expected that the vigorous strength of the steam will be exhausted by the untiring force of its adversaries; but no—the hot water in the long run beats the cold—the fire conquers the wind—and, though the liquid element is continuously slipping from underneath the vessel, and though the air in close column is unceasingly charging to oppose it, yet—'at spes infracta'—in spite of all these difficulties, the steamer triumphantly reaches the summit of the rapids, and then merrily glides forward on its course. [From an article in the number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, nominally, 'on Railroads in Ireland,' but really upon the general effects, present state, and probable consequences of steam-travelling, whether by land or water. The whole article is highly deserving of public attention; the mere reader will be amused by it, and the practical man, in its facts and suggestions, will find much valuable data by which to regulate his patronage of particular schemes, with a view to the general benefit.]

## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Luther.—Peacock.—Southey.*

THERE is a good deal to interest the general reader in the number just published. The article on "*D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in Germany, &c.*" places the character of the great reformer, Luther, in a very favourable light, at the same time making no attempt to veil either his faults or failings. Many little incidents in the biography of eminent men, highly illustrative of character, are often passed over by historians, and even biographers, as too trivial for the dignity of their vocation. M. D'Aubigné and his reviewer are of a different opinion, and bring before the reader a variety of details of this nature. We shall give an extract from a letter of Luther's, respecting the dismissal of a servant. He is addressing his wife: "We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. What have we not given to vagabonds and thankless students, who have made a bad use of our money? So we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant, on whom our money will be bestowed in a manner pleasing to God. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way you can. Think how this money can be raised. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu." "Luther's pleasures (continues the Reviewer)

were as simple as his domestic affections were pure. He wrote metrical versions of the Psalms, well described by Mr. Hallam, as holding a middle place between the dog-grel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the meretricious ornaments of the late versifiers of the Songs of David. He wedded to them music of his own, to which the most obtuse ear cannot listen without emotion. The greatest of the sons of Germany was in this respect, a true child of that vocal land; for such was his enthusiasm for the art, that he assigned to it a place second only to that of theology. He was also an ardent lover of painting, and yielded to Albert Durer the homage which he denied to Cajetan and Erasmus. His are among the earliest works embellished by the aid of the engraver. With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and moralizing over their habits. "That little fellow," he said, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

Articles follow on "Wilkinson's Manners of the Ancient Egyptians"—"Southey's Poetical Works"—"Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella."—"Tales by the Author of *Headlong Hall*." (*Peacock*).—"Lister's Life of Clarendon"—"Reid on Storms," &c. The article on Peacock is a masterly and successful attempt to describe the characteristics of one of the wittiest and most original writers of the present time, and yet, strange to say, hitherto appreciated by but a comparatively small, though we need not scruple to add, discerning circle. The Edinburgh notice cannot fail greatly to extend it.

The article on Southey, written, we presume, by Lord Jeffery, is introduced by a retrospective reference to the period,—forty years ago—when the poet and his critic, then young enthusiasts in behalf of opposite poetic theories, first came into literary contact. Old asperities are now treated as obliterated by accessions of wisdom on both sides; and accordingly, not a grain of party feeling is suffered to alloy the honest expression of the reviewer's opinions, which, on the whole, manifest a strong sense of the poet's various talents. Southey's poem on the Holly-tree, written in 1798, has long been the delight of every body acquainted with them. The desire expressed in the concluding lines in anticipation of age:

"So would I seem amidst the young and gay  
More grave than they.  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

is suitably and beautifully companioned by a poem in the late re-publication, written in 1829. Our readers will be glad to see it.

1829.

"That sense which held me back in youth  
From all intemperate gladness,  
That same good instinct bids me shun  
Unprofitable sadness.

"Nor marvel you, if I prefer  
Of playful themes to sing:  
The October glade hath brighter tints  
Than summer or than spring.

"For o'er the leaves before they fall  
Such hues hath nature thrown,  
That the woods wear in sunless days  
A sunshine of their own.

"Why should I seek to call forth tears?  
The source from whence we weep  
Too near the surface lies in youth,  
In age it lies too deep.

"Enough of foresight sad, too much  
Of retrospect have I;  
And well for me that I sometimes  
Can put those feelings by.

"From public illa, and thoughts that else  
Might weigh me down to earth,  
That I can gain some intervals  
For healthful, hopeful mirth.

"That I can sport in tales that suit  
Young auditors like these;  
Yet, if I err not, may content  
The few I seek to please.

"I know in what responsive mind  
My lightest lay will wake,  
A sense of pleasure for its own  
And for its author's sake.

"I know the eyes in which the light  
Of memory will appear;  
I know the lips which, while they read  
Will wear a smile sincere:

"The heart to which my sportive song  
The thought of days will bring,  
When they and I, whose winter now  
Comes on, were in our spring.

"And I their well known voices, too,  
Though far away, can hear  
Distinctly, even as when in dreams  
They reach the inward ear.

"There speaks the man we knew of yore,  
Well pleased I hear them say,  
'Such was he in his brighter moods  
Before our heads were grey.

"Buoyant he was in spirit, quick  
Of fancy, blithe of heart,  
And care and time, and change have left  
Untouched his better part."

"Thus say my morning friends, who now  
Are in the vale of years,  
And I, save such as thus may rise  
Would draw no other tears."

### The Naturalist.

ONE of the most singular appearances of the forest at Tucacas, arose from the number of a species of plant called *Bejucas*. These are everywhere seen stretching from the earth to the tops of the highest trees, like stays to the mast of a ship. Sometimes stretched perfectly tight, and twisted round each other in pairs, they resemble hempen cables, being quite regular as to thickness, and without a leaf or branch. They were of various thicknesses, from the smallest twine to six and seven inches in diameter. When young, they are applied to all purposes for which cordage



is used in England; in the woods the natives lash the beams and rafters of their houses with them; on the coast, the fishermen use them as ropes for their fish-crawls, which they sink many fathoms deep. I have seen trees of large diameter, when cut through with the axe, remain perfectly stationary, until these natural stays, which were supporting them on all sides, were cut away; and not unfrequently have riders been pulled from their horses by riding against one, which, from its tendril-like appearance, being not thicker perhaps than a quill, they expected to break.—*Hawshaw's Reminiscences of South America.*

**Lichens.**—Many lichens, which fix themselves on calcareous rocks, such as the *Pattellaria immersa*, are observed, in process of time, to sink deeper and deeper beneath the surface of the rock, as if they had some mode of penetrating into its substance, analogous to that which many marine worms are known to possess. The agent appears in both instances to be an acid, which here is probably the oxalic, acting upon the carbonate of lime, and producing the gradual excavation of the rock. This view is confirmed by the observation, that the same species of lichens, when attached to rocks which are not calcareous, remains always at the surface, and does not penetrate below it.

#### THE LAPACHO-TREE,

*One of the natural productions of Paraguay.*

THE lapacho is not only the finest, but the most magnificent of all trees. English oak is very fine, but never to be compared to lapacho. From the solid trunk of one of these trees a Portuguese scooped out at Villa Real a canoe, which brought down to Assumption a hundred bales of yerba (that is, 22,500lb. of Paraguay tea,) several hides made up into balls and filled with molasses, a load of deals, seventy packages of tobacco, and eight Paraguay sailors, to manage the three masts and sails of the large, but yet elegantly scooped-out trunk of the lapacho-tree. Of this tree are constructed vessels which, when fifty years old, may still be called young. Their frame is not shaken, nor is their constitution debilitated by all the bumps they have on the sand-banks of the Paraná, nor by the searching rays of a tropical sun, nor by the "even down pours," as the Scotch have it, of tropical rains. \* \* \* Of this lapacho, the grain is so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it. The curbs in Buenos Ayres, and all the rafters of the houses there, are constructed of it.

#### AN HIGHLAND FREEBOOTER.

JOHN MORE, who lived in Durness, and rented a small farm near Dirrie-more, neither had, nor cared to have, permission to kill deer and game; but his whole time was devoted to poaching, and his wild mode of life rendered him an uncouth, but tolerated plunderer of the forest. Donald Lord Reay happening to pass near John More's residence one summer morning, determined to cull and endeavour to reclaim him from his lawless propensities. He left his attendants at some distance, that he might ensure confidence on the part of his rude host. He found John at home, and told him that he called to get some breakfast. John was evidently proud of this visit, and pleased with the frank manner in which he was accosted, having been usually threatened by those in authority with imprisonment and the gallows. "Come in, Donald," said John, in Gaelic, "and sit on my stool, and you will get to eat what cost me some trouble in collecting." His lordship entered the hut, and was soon seated in a dismal corner; but John opened a wooden shutter that had filled up a hole in the wall, through which day-light entered, and revealed a tall black looking box, which was the only article in the house that could be used as a table. John bustled about with great activity, and, to his lordship's surprise, pulled out from the box two or three beautifully white dinner napkins. One of them was placed on the top of the box as a table-cloth, and the other spread on his lordship's knees. The fire, which glimmered in the centre of the room, was then roused, and made to burn more freely. This proceeding denoted that John had some provisions to cook;—from a dark mysterious recess he drew forth a fine gilse, already split open and ready for being dressed. By means of two long wooden spigots, which skewered the fish, and the points of which were stuck into the earthen hearth, the gilse was placed before the burning peats, and turned occasionally. Soon after a suspicious-looking piece of meat was placed over the embers; and when all was cooked, John placed it upon the box before his chief, saying,—“John More's fattest dish is ready.”—adding, that the salmon was from one of his lordship's rivers, and the meat the breast of a deer. Lord Reay asked for a knife and some salt; but John replied—"that teeth and hands were of little use, if they could not master dead fish and flesh; that the deer seasoned their flesh with salt on the hill, whilst the herring could not do so in the sea; and that the salmon, like the Durness butter, was better without salt. John produced also some smuggled brandy; and pressed his lordship to eat and drink heartily, making many remarks on the manliness of eating a good breakfast. The chief

thought this a good opportunity to endeavour to make a proper impression upon his lawless host; and, after having been handsomely regaled by plunder from his own forest, determined to act with such generosity towards More, as would keep him within reasonable bounds in future. "I am well pleased John, (said he.) that although you invade the property of others, you do not conceal the truth, and that you have freely given me the best entertainment that your depredations on my property have enabled you to bestow. I will, therefore, allow you to go occasionally to Fionavon in search of a deer, if you will engage not to interfere with deer or any sort of game in any other part of my forest." More could never tolerate any restraint, and his answer was begun almost before Lord Reay had finished his handsome offer. 'Donald, (said he,) you may put Fionavon in your pouch,—for wherever the deer are, there will John More be found.'—*Scrope's Art of Deer Stalking.*

### The Gatherer.

In July, 1766, a man having laid a wager that he would cross the Thames in a butcher's tray without any other assistance than his hands, set out from Somerset-stairs, and reached the Surrey shore in safety: he had on a cork jacket, in case of any accident. It is said that there were £14,000 depending on this feat, and that upwards of seventy boats full of spectators were present. W. G. C.

*Unforeseen Cause of War.*—The least foreseen causes of wars, has broken out within the last three years, nothing less than a schismatic difference between the natives in their religious opinions, between those who have placed themselves under the banners of the Wesleyan Missionaries, and some new idolaters, who term themselves disciples of Papáhurihia. The Sabbath is fixed by these modern luminaries on the seventh day or Saturday. This novel credenda consists in a God of fire or Wero being president, and he has sent forth a prophet to work miracles, teach the people that the missionaries are cheats, and other similar silly tales.

This fiction, it is said, was invented by the master of a whale ship, which, if true, he must have been contemptibly wicked, to attempt to delude these people from the knowledge of a true God. That the prophet is a New Zealander there can be no mistake, as his affections are said to be equally affected towards discussing food, as polemics.—*Po-lack's New Zealand.*

A letter dated near the mouth of White River, in Arkansas, gives the following painful account of a remarkable conflict with a bear, Nov. 1838:—

"There was one of the deepest tragedies here two evenings ago that I ever heard of. Mr. Harris, the landlord in whose house I am now staying, went up the river to drive some cattle to a Mr. Kean's; on the way he and Kean saw a very large bear, which they shot twice, wounding him mortally, but not killing him. They then followed him with their dogs, and when they came to where he was, Mr. Harris went into the cave to get another chance to shoot him. The bear was behind a tree, and Mr. Harris and the animal met. Harris shot him the third time, but did not kill him. The bear caught him by the hamstring, and bit the large artery in two. Kean, who was loading another gun, ran to him, not being more than ten steps off, with his butcher-knife, to stab the bear, that now had Harris under him, but when he was aiming the blow, the bear saw him, and leaped at him. Kean sprung back, and Harris jumped from under the bear, ran fifteen or twenty feet, and fell. Kean said, 'Are you hurt?' 'Yes, I am killed,' was his answer. Kean then jumped between Harris and the bear, as the latter was rushing to another attack, and luckily shot him the fourth time through the body, which weakened the animal much, though he still fought with the dogs for some time. Kean ran next to Harris, saw his haggard countenance, begged him to speak, but the prostrate man expired in an instant."

*Hatton Garden.*—"1659, 7 June. To see ye foundations laying for a streete and build-ings in Hatton Garden, design'd for a little towne, lately an ample garden."—*Evelyn's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 306.

The first play-bill issued from Drury-Lane Theatre, was April 8, (Thursday,) 1663, with the *Humorous Lieutenant*. The play to begin at 3 o'clock precisely.

The actors' names were affixed to the characters they represented, for the first time, in 1663.

Some time ago (says the *Courier de Lyon*) a poor labouring man discovered in a block of wood from the Levant, a diamond of considerable size, valued at more than 150,000 francs. It should appear, that this diamond had been concealed in an opening made by incision in the tree when no more than five or six years of age; and that, by the rules observed in calculating the ages of trees, it had numbered about 35 or 36 years; so that this tree had held in its bosom this costly treasure more than a quarter of a century.

H. M.

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